



My Little Pope Can't be this Cute!!



girl cute religion

👁 156 ✓ 10 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Is the Pope really supposed to look this...unorthodox? Maybe you could have given the blue hair and the pigtails a pass, but the rosy cheeks and NARS makeup is unsettling.

Why, of all people, would God want to communicate through her?

Chapter 2 by Phantim



Well, if I was God, I would make the same choice. Why choose some wrinkly old bag who no one wanted to listen to anyway. This new cute pope, or as many call her "Pope Miku the First" had already converted half of Japan! People there waited in line for days to be blessed by her. How had a young girl even been elected pope? Still, it doesn't matter, I have a job to do. I have been contracted for the first Papal Swimsuit spread... still, looking through my camera lens, I think again... Is the pope really supposed to look like this?

Chapter 3 by Harlander



The new chibi-Pope, or, as the news had taken to calling her, Pontifex Minimus, posed demurely

on the beach where I'd set up my camera. I was starting to feel a little peculiar about the whole situation. I could just see the headline: "Pope Miku the First: The Most Beautiful and Youngest Pope in Pre-Teen Pope Picture SHAME!" I could also see the headlines in the Mail Online: "Little Pope is all grown up!" and the thought

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I turned away from the young pontiff and her forgiving smile, ostensibly to check on the light levels. The section of beach had been cleared, at least. No-one would be standing about, watching me, judging me. I sighed, and resigned myself to finishing the work, when something caught my eye.

A flicker of light glinted from the roof of a nearby hotel. Another photographer hoping to snap candid shots of.. another photo shoot? No, that was too self-referential even for the British tabloids. I reached for my custom telephoto lens, and pointed it in the direction of the flash.

And there she was. Was everyone involved in global politics these days a tiny, cute girl? The lens brought everything into sharp detail. The weird green hue of her hair. Her grey school uniform, with a crest patch showing a phoenix rising from a globe wreathed in flame. Not to mention the Accuracy International Arctic Warfare Magnum in her hands, her petite chin resting on the stock. The long rifle was comically huge next to her - it was almost as long as she was tall.

I thought back to an article I'd taken photos for, a patriotic story about the kit used by the British Army. This .338 sniper rifle still held the record for the longest-distance kill ever achieved.

I thought to myself, "Lapua Magnum is really a stupid name for a type of bullet."

Then I thought again, "Oh my God! She's going to *shoot the Pope!*"

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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